A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father."
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle
nd lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding.
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging:
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

GRAPES AND ROSES.

BY LILLIAN M. THOMPSON.

A large sunny carriage house; the broad, rolling doors thrown wide open to admit the golden autumn sunshine, framed a lovely picture of woods dressed in their gorgeous robes of red and gold; orchards and wheat fields and shining glimpses of a lazy river flashing through trees; inside, the walls were lined with boxes, baskets, and crates of grapes, and a long table in the middle of the room was piled with the luscious clusters.

Beside the table two girls were perched on inverted barrels, trimming and packing the fruit,—just such brown-haired, happy, mischievous girls as may be found in abundance anywhere.

"Say, Rose, let's write our names in these baskets, will you?" suddenly asked the taller girl.

"Why, yes; but who will ever read them?" queried Rose taking out her pencil, and writing on the inner side of the small basket, "Rose."

The other wrote "Packed by Bertha M—;" then the baskets were filled, Bertha's with delicate, pink-tinted Delawares, and Rose's with great, dusky-purple Isabellas; and then the girls covered them and laughed merrily at the droll pictures which their fancies painted and which were as far from the truth as such fancies usually are.

An artist sat alone in his studio; sketches, paintings and draperies were scattered about in picturesque confusion; an easel stood before him with its empty canvas blankly waiting for the brush; on a small table by his side stood a grape basket, from which he had just taken the last cluster. He was a young and handsome artist, but there was a troubled, far-away look in his eyes, and lines of care and perplexity were already visible on his brow.

He finished the bunch of delicious purple grapes with no thought of their delicate flavor, and mechanically reached for another; finding the basket empty, he took and absently examined it. The bottom and sides were stained here and there, where a wounded grape had bled its life away; presently something on one side of the basket caught his eye and wrought a curious change in his manner.

He started up, his eyes full of eager anticipation, his whole face aglow with joyful excitement, but only for a moment, then he sank back with a sigh, the light faded out of his face and left it pale and weary.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered, "there are other Roses in the world beside mine! Oh! if I had stayed at home instead of going to Italy! if her grandfather had not died! if the news of his death had come to me in Switzerland instead of wandering over half of Italy in search of me! if she only had stayed at Glendale instead of going to the city! if I only could find her! if—if—

He rested his elbow on the table, leaned his cheek upon his palm and gazed, with wide-open vacant eyes, upon the panoramic pictures which memory conjured up. The first scene she presented was a vineyard in all the glory of an early October day; the maples in the wood near by waved their leafy arms just touched with gold and scarlet, crows cawed in the pines, for, in memory's pictures, motion and the sound furnish their share of beauty; the vines drooped from the stakes with the weight of rich fruitage. Beside one vine, was a girl crowned with golden curls, and near her stood himself yet not himself, for in this handsome, languid, dispirited man, where was the breezy, boyish vigor and undaunted hopes of the lad his fancy had painted.

"I am going to-morrow, Rose," he seemed to hear the joyous, triumphant voice say. "I shall see all Italy and Switzerland, and study hard all the time, but I shall not see anything half so dear as you. When I come back I shall ask you something; you won' give the answer I want to any else will you, Rose?"

Again he caught the shy glance rom the blue eyes, and heard the mischievous "I shall not answer any question till it is asked, Lion."

Then the vineyard melted away, and in its place, appeared a room in a picturesque Swiss Village. On the floor lay a letter in a black-edged envelope, telling of the death of Rose's grandfather, her only relative; around the room were the signs of hasty packing, and by the window, impatiently waiting for the carriage which was to convey him the first step toward home and Rose, stood himself.

Again the scene changed, and the same self, weary and travel-soiled, opened the gate and hurried up the grassy path to his father's house. After the greeting with father and mother, he asked, "Where is Rose, since her grandfather's death?" and heard with a shock that "she had gone to the city." Then in answer to his looks of dismay came questions and expressions of surprise, and remarks that they "thought it was only a childish fondness he had felt for Rose, and that, doubtless, they can find her, though indeed they do not know where she is staying nor how she is supporting herself."

But a year has passed, and every way which love could devise and wealth execute, has been tried in vain. But no; he had just thought of one more chance. Seizing palette and brush he began to paint; hope rekindled in his eyes as the canvas blossomed under his skillful fingers. All day he worked, and the first light found him at his easel in the morning. At last the picture was done. In the center of the canvas was a large, half-opened white rose, and, just emerging from the flower, was a fair, girlish figure, robed in white as spotless as the petals, with blue eyes glancing coyly through a veil of golden curls. Up one side clambered a grape-vine, with which was mingled a climbing rose, on one blossom of which stood the same girl reaching for a cluster of grapes that hung just above her head; up the other side a sweet briar struggled through thistles and brambles, and out of each blossom looked the same sweet face, but wan, and pinched, and frightened by its rude and ugly neighbors, until, as it neared the top, thorns and thistles were broken, and a broad sunbeam slanted on a happy, serene face in the highest flower, while just above it, partly hidden in a spray of forget-me-nots, was the figure of a lion; the vines on each side were connected at top and bottom by graceful branches of roses, from each blossom of which peered the same face with its blue eyes and golden curls.

"There," said the artist, as he surveyed the finished picture, "she will understand that if she sees it. I have told her too many stories in this way to have any fear for that. God grant that I may find my pure sweet briar before the thorns and thistles of poverty and loneliness have quite choked her."

"I declare, Lionel, you are the drollest fellow! The idea of spoiling such an exquisite picture as that, by such an incongruity as a *lion* crouching on ærial nothingness."

The speaker had come quietly in and stood looking over the artist's shoulder. Evidently his presence was nothing unusual, for Lionel showed neither surprise nor annoyance at his unceremonious entrance and frank criticism.

"But I say, my boy," he went on, "what a rare, sweet face you have given your rose-sprite. Paint out that ugly beast and put a butterfly or another rose in its place, and it will be the finest work you have ever done. What are you going to do with it, anyhow?"

"Take it to Jack's photograph gallery, and have a dozen or so copies made, put one in a show window on each of the principal streets of this city, hire a boy for each one to watch all passers-by for the original of that face, commission you to help in the search, exhibit this canvas in the book-store down stairs where I can watch myself, refuse peremptorily to answer any questions until these things are done; so the sooner we set about them the sooner shall thy curiosity be satisfied, thou son of Eve."

"O, Kittie, Kittie! I've succeeded at last! blessings on 'Bertha M— —,' we will not go supperless to-night, nor breakfastless to-morrow! Five whole dollars, only think of it, Pussy Cat!"

The speaker seized the small gray kitten, her sole companion and confidante, in her arms, and kissed it wildly as she went on.

"I wonder what 'Bertha M—' would say if she knew that she had kept us from starvation by suggesting my little poem; it was so easy for her to write those four little words, "Packed by Bertha M—,' in the basket before she filled it; it was very easy, too, for Granny Ruth to give me the two bunches of grapes she could not sell, lying forlornly in the bottom; somehow they reminded me of ourselves all alone here in this great city, and when I saw the name inside and thought of the happy times when I, too, used to pick and pack grapes, it was easiest of all for me to write my verses. Perhaps— perhaps *somebody* will see them, but it's a slender chance, after all, and perhaps he might not care, if he did. O, Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, we are so utterly alone!"

The golden curls drooped over Pussy Cat's head, and something round and shining glistened on her gray fur. But after a moment the girl raised her head, and smiled bravely as she said:

"Well, well, we musn't cry to-night, when we've had such great good fortune. I will leave you to keep house again, while I go and get some bread and things; but we must not be extravagant, for five dollars will not last long."

She had made her few purchases and was going home, if the bare room in which she lived could be called home, when she caught sight of a painting just inside the window of the store she was passing; she stopped, and her blue eyes opened wide in astonishment, for she stood face to face with her own portrait, or rather with a dozen portraits, peeping out at her from the beautiful flower, her namesake.

Was she dreaming? No; it was clearly her own portrait, rounder, rosier, happier than herself, but still, herself. She read the story plainly, too. Her old happy life was typified in the climbing rose and the sprite picking grapes, her present self was the struggling sweet briar among the weeds, and Lionel himself was waiting for her at the top. The reaction from the despair and loneliness was too much for her; she grew faint and dizzy; the lion seemed starting from the canvas, the picture swam before her eyes; she reeled and would have fallen, but a familiar face full of joy and thankfulness looked into hers; a familiar voice, trembling with emotion, said·

"O, Rose, Rose, I have found you at last!" and a strong arm supported her—not only till the momentary faintness was past, but all her life long after, and the original surpassed the portrait in roses and smiles, and Pussy Cat grew sleek and fat and lazy.

Not in Need of Sympathy.

Denver Letter in Courier-Journal.

On the train there was a woman with three children, aged respectively five, seven and nine. I wondered what could induce a sane woman to start on a journey with such incumbrances. I pictured her as a widow who war being shipped west to her friends. I dwelt upon her past with a sort of morbid satisfaction; I turned a riotous imagination loose among her misfortunes, and presently, being weary of the silence I had preserved for several hundred miles, I went over to console with her. Conceive, if you can, my disgust when I learned that she was en route to a circus about eighty miles distant, bent on giving those urchins a holiday. She informed me during the conversation that the trip cost her $100 altogether, but she had cleared $7,000 on her ranch in Nebraska last year, and felt that she could afford a holiday. Whenever I have noticed a woman at a theatre or any other place of amusement with one baby I have invariably regarded it as an incipient case of insanity; but when I found this woman with her three babies going "eighty miles to a circus," I was dumb. These Nebraska women are not remarkable for beauty, but they certainly don't lack nerve. This one was evidently not suffering for sympathy, and I went back to my place and the rapidly dissolving views of the most monotonous country under heaven.

A Story of a Hedge.

The place is full of osage orange hedges. They surround most of the peach orchards—probably to keep people out. "Did you ever tryed to get over an osage orange hedge?" an old man asked me this morning. "No," I replied, "did you?" "Yes," he said, sadly; "I tried once—a long time ago." "Did, eh?" "Yes." "How long did it take you to get over it?" said he, sadly, "How long did it take me to get over it?" And the old man looked over the landscape and scratched himself and continued: "How long did it take me to get over it? Why, I don't think I am quite over it yet."—*Delaware Cor. Pusk.*

Ready-Made Houses.

This is a business that is assuming importance in the North and that would seem to be an inviting one for any locality in the South where suitable lumber and cheap transportation can be had. It is carried on successfully in Maine, the remotest of the Eastern States, from which to reach the body of the country, and especially this quarter of it, renders necessary the payment of heavy transportation charges. The inference therefore is natural that the business can be conducted profitably in the South. Refering to one of the companies engaged in the industry, the Kennebec Farming Company, the Bangor *Mining and Industrial Journal* has the following: "Dwelling houses are made like boots and shoes—in any quantity or of any size or style, and for any market in the wide world. Not long since this firm received a single order for fifty houses for Cape May, to be delivered speedily and in complete finish. These houses were not to be sheds, nor shanties, but regularly ordered dwellings, and they were made accordingly, and so delivered, and contain hundreds of occupants at this moment. An order will be received for a $50,000 hotel, or an ornate French roof cottage for a fine country estate, and these are as easily and expeditiously furnished as an ordinary boarding-house for a country village or a barn for a ranch in Kansas or Colorado. It is not to be supposed that only a coarse, rough frame is thus sent out, to be trimmed into shape on the spot where it is delivered. On the contrary, the house is complete when it leaves the factory, and as ready to go together as is a musket when it leaves the armory in Springfield; all the parts being found, even to the knobs for the doors, and the screens and shades for the doors and windows, according to specifications. Great trains of freight cars stand waiting about, and are freighted almost daily here. The refuse trimmings and edge cuttings of the lumber are carted off to a neighboring pulp mill, and there speedily turned into material for paper, or other products. Machinery for almost every conceivable use in connection with wood is at hand, and house materials, of any kind, or size, or shape, seem to drop out like meal from a hopper. In a recent instance, where a large building was furnished for a southern order, the parts were thus made, and when put together in the city where the building is now standing, its length was found to vary not the eighth of an inch from the original specifications, although its length on the front numbered hundreds of feet. Every inch of this building, from the sill to the last shingle, was sent ready prepared from the factory, and 'set up' as readily and almost as quickly as a nail cask."

Anti-Cholera Rules.

Pasteur has published nine anti-cholera rules, of which the following is an abridgement:

All table water should be boiled, and bottles half filled with it. Before being drank, the water should, to aerate it, be well shaken. The pitchers or other vessels in which water is generally stored in kitchens ought, before they are each day replenished, be heated to 150° Centigrade, or a higher temperature if possible. Wine should also be heated to 55°, and drank out of cups which have been freshly plunged in scalding water. All food should be thoroughly cooked. Underdone meats and raw vegetables promote cholera. The other vessels in which jam is to be kept are to be prepared for its reception by a passage through furiously hot oven. Bread is to be cut about twenty minutes before it is wanted, and toasted hard or rebaked quickly. All sheeting and cloths ought to be scalded and rapidly dried before being used. Water for toilet purposes is only safe when it has been first boiled, and then diluted with thymic acid dissolved in alcohol, or carbolic acid, in the proportion of two grammes per liter. Hands and face should be frequently washed with this mixture. Plates, knives forks, etc. are to be taken straight from the boiler or oven to the dinner table. The ninth rule is the least practicable. Pasteur has drawn it up for the special benefit of doctors, nurses and persons who reside in houses or neighborhoods visited by the epidemic. It prescribes the wearing of a mask made of two thin sheets of brass, fitting well into each other, but not soldered together. A layer of phenolized wadding is placed between the metal strata. The operation of breathing is to be performer through mouth and nostrils covered with wadding.

Mr. John Osborne, Musica Bazaar, Toronto, Canada, writes that his wife was cured of rheumatism by the great pain-banisher, St. Jacobs Oil; that he has found an invaluable remedy for many family ills.

Eight million acres of government land in Dakota has been disposed of to private persons within a year.